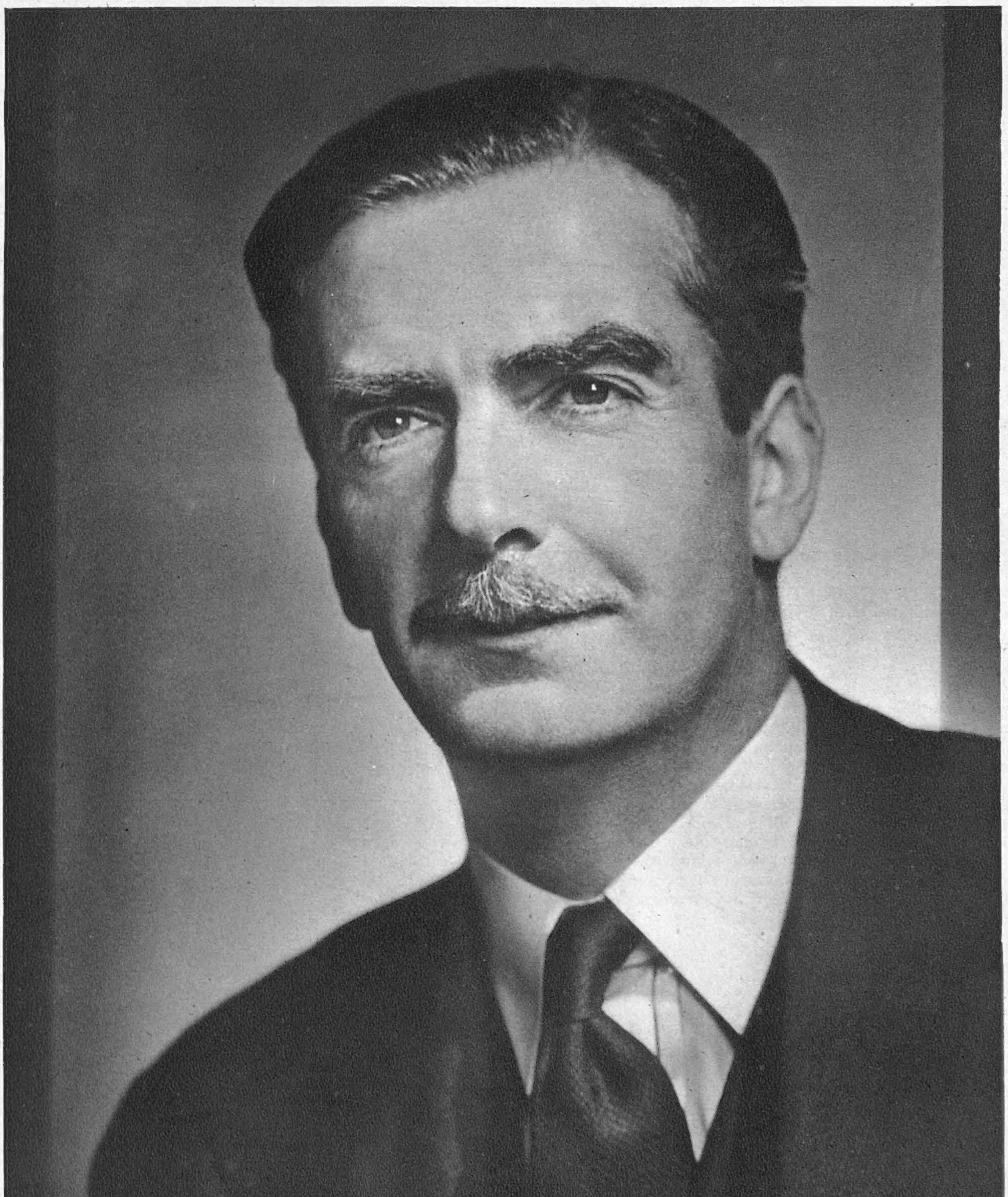
The Sketch

No. 2586—Vol. CXCIX. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



BRITAIN'S NUMBER 2: ANTHONY EDEN.

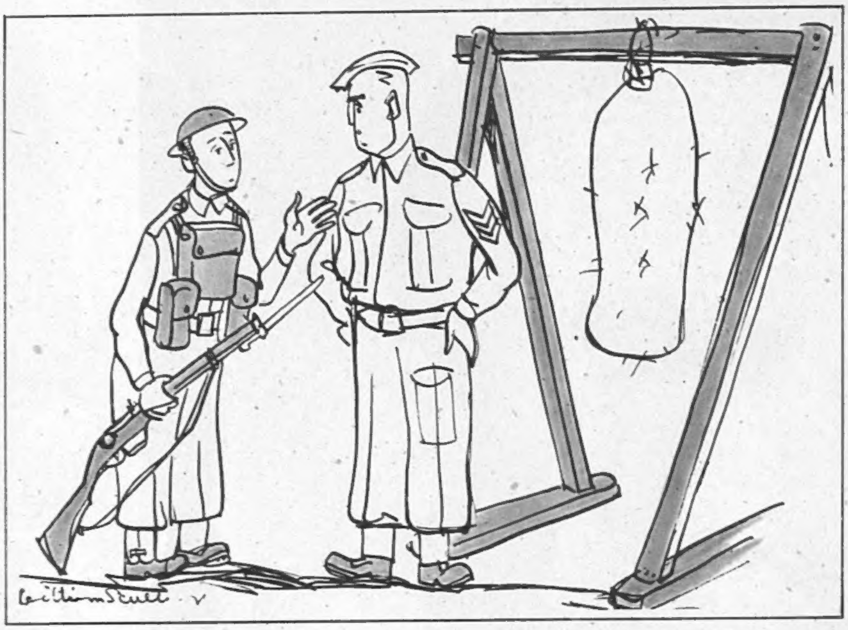
MR. ANTHONY EDEN, *Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and this country's representative at the all-important Moscow conferences, is Britain's Number 2, the Prime Minister's closest and most trusted ally. He is usually considered to be the man on whom Mr. Churchill's mantle will eventually fall. He left the Foreign Office in 1938 as a protest against appeasement; and returned to his old post in 1941, later becoming Leader of the House of Commons. Noel F. Busch, the American writer, calls him "the head of Britain's Anglo-Russian solidarity department."* (PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.)

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

1373 and All That. "In accordance with a treaty made in 1373 (laughter)" . . . Laughter! Why? Has the House of Commons such a short memory that it has forgotten already our foreign policy in 1373? It is most



"... But I *do* hate the enemy, Sergeant; it's just that I'm not the demonstrative type!"

DRAWN BY WILLIAM SCULLY.

perturbing to find this state of historical nescience in our legislators. And it is unseemly that this reference to an elementary fact of history should be met with the crackling of thorns under a pot. All the same, one is doubtful how far this historical method should be pursued. I have an uncomfortable feeling that if we were to probe into the whole thousand years of our treaty obligations, we might get some surprises about our international politics. Diplomacy, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows. All the more gratifying, then, to have at least one partner so venerable and so faithful as Portugal. I think the association might well be honoured by the importation of a little more nourishing, strengthening and entente-making wine from the Douro Valley.

The Unready Reckoner. Anyhow, there is no excuse for the ignorance of Hon. Members when the Prime Minister so clearly had history at his finger-tips. It is true that he may have had a *reminder* from somebody in the Foreign Office, but the memory even of a Macaulay might occasionally need a slight *aide-mémoire*. It must be confessed, with some sense of disillusionment, that in the field of mathematics the Prime Minister is not quite so accomplished. A grave defect; and yet how many hearts must have gone out to him, in charitable sympathy, when he said that neither he nor his father had ever been any good at figures! Some of us are even worse off than that; in my own case, this hereditary disability goes right back to those ancestors of mine who came over with the Conqueror. When asked to make a return of one-third of ·05 per cent. of their revenues for the purposes of the Domesday Survey, they made a ghastly mess of it. One of them got into serious trouble for trying to be funny and replying, "What about the square root of minus one?"

Feet of Clay. Consequently I, for one, as a citizen, taxpayer and elector, forgive Mr. Churchill for being caught out, because I still don't know what one-third of ·05 per cent. is, and I doubt whether there is any such thing. But one disturbing thought remains with me. I have never (thank God) been Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Churchill has. Now, I thought that Chancellors of the Exchequer were men who could tell you without a moment's hesitation what was four-twenty-sevenths of one-and-fourpence-halfpenny, and what was the difference between Schedule D and Schedule E, and what in heck all those "explanatory notes" mean. I am forced to revise my opinion, and I find this painful. I even begin to doubt whether Sir John Anderson knows to the uttermost farthing what you will owe him if you get a rise of five bob next week. In short, it seems that the Idols of the Market Place have feet of clay, like all other idols.

Cold Commons. The same foot-trouble seems to apply to ordinary Members of Parliament, who, one had hoped, were not as other men. They have been complaining that their feet are so cold and clayey that they cannot concentrate; and if that is going to happen, what chance have we of winning the war? One Member has calculated that the temperature of the House of Commons is 5 per cent. below that needed for human survival. Considering this, the heat of some of the debates is very creditable. It is all on account of Major Lloyd George. So long as he is in the House, he cannot very well pamper himself with an extra lump of coal on the furnace, when his fellow-citizens are shivering; and so all his *confrères* in the House have to suffer with him. I hope they appreciate the privilege. It is a fine example to the nation and they ought to be only too glad to set it. And, anyhow, they can all curl up in flea-bags if necessary. This would prevent some of them from getting to their feet, and I dare say the conduct of the war would stagger on somehow in spite of that. Whitehall would still function, and what more do you want?

Scarlet Women. To return to history, it is interesting and romantic to go back to What Happened in 1373, but the real makers of history do not seem to get into the books. We have heard a lot about Helen of Troy, and her famous "entrance" on the walls at a critical moment; we have heard about Sirens, and what they did to Ulysses; but will history record the Two Red Sea-Nymphs of Messina? Here is the bare—well, the brief—account of them: "All manner of invasion craft

"I suppose you feel a bit cramped for space on our little island, eh?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

TWELVE OLD LETTERS MAKE A BOX FOR RIFLE CARTRIDGES: DON'T HOARD YOURS.

were speeding across the strait—destroyers 'looking for something to fire at,' minesweepers, invasion barges 'scurrying like shoals of minnows,' amphibious jeeps streaming along like rush-hour traffic, 'planes roaring above, when two blonde bathing belles, in scarlet costumes, strolled slowly down the beach beside the coast road at Scaletta, to have a dip. They carried deck-chairs on their arms."

Gentlemen Prefer.

Now, while a Prime Minister may not be "good at figures," any soldier worthy of the name *is*. And so the account continues, in almost Scriptural language: "And the eyes of thousands who were invading, together with a multitude of pairs of field-glasses, were turned upon them." Really, women are incorrigible! Will they *never* learn that there is a time and place for everything? Well, Cleopatra didn't, any more than Helen, and look what happened to Antony! The battle of Messina might well have been lost by this tactless intrusion. Every single pair of those binoculars ought to have been directed in accordance with the verse of a hymn which an Admiral once signalled to his fleet under heavy air bombardment.

> O happy band of pilgrims,
> Look upward to the skies,
> Where such a light affliction
> Will bring so great a prize.

But where, in fact, *were* those binoculars directed? Well, you know as well as I do, and I blame the beauty-chorus entirely. It is my firm belief that they had been engaged for one performance only by Rommel. They make me blush for their sex—not, I am afraid, for the first time.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE WAR. [DRAWN BY WELLAND.]

Believe It or Not.

These modern nymphs will never pass into mythology; and I wonder whether any earnest historical researcher of the future will ever tell the story of an almost legendary person who has just died? I can think of no suitable chronicler except Mr. Ripley. This, in sum, is the life-history of the extraordinary creature who became known as Trebitsch Lincoln: Rabbi in a Hungarian synagogue, missionary in Canada, clergyman of the Church of England, Member of Parliament, oil magnate in Rumania, British postal censor, German spy, forger, convict and deportee, *putsch*-leader in Germany, agent of Chinese War Lords, Japanese spy and Buddhist monk. Mr. Edgar Wallace, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and many other virile writers of fiction have invented some talented crooks in their time, but they would turn pale at the thought of such a hero, and indeed any competent thrill-writer would say, "No! There is a limit to improbability! The public will swallow a lot, but not all that!" For myself, I can almost forgive such a man his sins for the sake of his versatility, which almost amounts to genius. At least it can be said of these bandits that they do earn their keep, and theirs must be a strenuous life. If I had as many gifts as Mr. Lincoln, I should find it difficult to follow the strait and narrow path—it would be too dull!

Out of the Mouths.

While "them as 'as brains" (as the Tichborne claimant put it) are preying on them as 'asn't, it is nice to know that our boys and girls are thinking of higher things. Those who imagine that the planning of the Brave New World is a job only for professors, stuffy middle-aged persons, and ancient sages have got it all wrong. It now appears that it is a new game for the nursery, far better than Snakes and Ladders. The Youth Advisory Council of the Board of Education has drawn up a programme for the education, work and leisure of the young in the B.N.W., and one of our more forward-looking newspapers has submitted it for opinion to "six typical boys and four typical girls aged between 15 and 18." It is gratifying to know that the reaction is, on the whole, favourable, though the girls repudiate the suggestion that their reading is not always of the most improving quality, and the boys would like more flicks "for educational purposes." These critics, however, are far outdone by the twenty London schoolchildren who, with the assistance of a Professor of Sociology and two members of the B.B.C., have successfully conferred "to lay out the pattern of a progressive democracy stage by stage." So momentous are their conclusions that it is proposed to broadcast them, not in one language only, but in several. I doubt whether these omniscient infants are as original as they think they are; they will, I think, find their prototypes in Kingsley's "Water Babies."

Happy Herbert.

It is to be wished that these, or some equally powerful intelligences, might be directed to the interpretation (not to mention the drafting) of our Fire Guard Orders. The 73 pages of this fascinating literature are not to be treated lightly as winter fireside reading or as mere escapism; they are a whole liberal education in themselves, and

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

they take ten hours to read. Even Mr. Morrison was a little daunted by them, for he has stated that he and Miss Wilkinson at one moment feared that they might be "hanged to lamp-posts by irate Fire Guards." But now all is well and the Home Secretary is convinced that "Fire Guards are among the happiest of God's creatures, never grumbling, but bursting to give as many hours in fire-guard duty as they can." We all love Happy Herbert when he relaxes into playful humour, but this little matter cannot be just laughed off. I want to ask, quite seriously, whether Mr. Morrison really thinks that any human being will ever know and understand this labyrinthine code; and if not, what is the sense of it, except to provide bureaucrats with a

"Baby sub. it may be, but I still say we can't run on milk!"

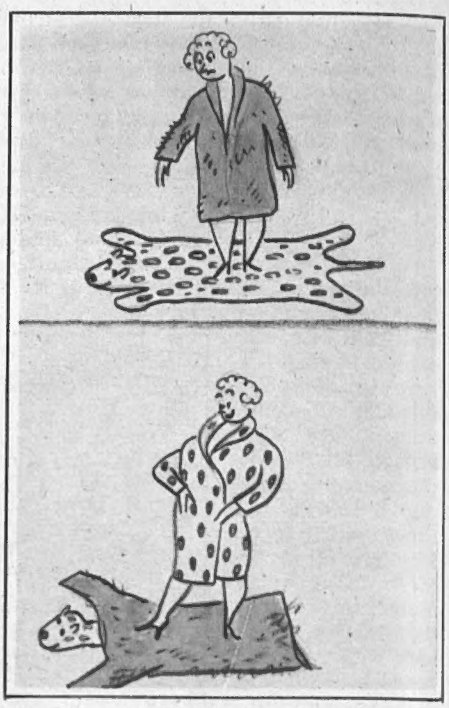
DRAWN BY KEITH MONK.

livelihood and to catch out innocent persons with unnecessary complications?

Flip-Flap and Flim-Flam. I do not think that the lamp-post is the appropriate penalty for this sort of pernicious pedantry; I would make the authors of it eat their words by learning their own regulations verbatim until they either could recite them by heart, or went mad. And I think the Fire Guard would be justified in saying, with Omar:

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Ensnare the path I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my fall to Sin?

However, it seems that what may be obscure to you and me is clear as noontide to the Ministerial mind. When, for example, Mr. Mabane was asked the meaning of the phrase, "Dogfish flaps sold separately shall not be regarded as fillets," he replied instantly, "Flaps, including dogfish flaps, are lugs or belly walls," and added, with some asperity, "If anything could be more plain and simple, I don't know what it is!" So now, if you don't understand all about flaps, fillets, lugs and belly walls it is entirely your own stupid fault.



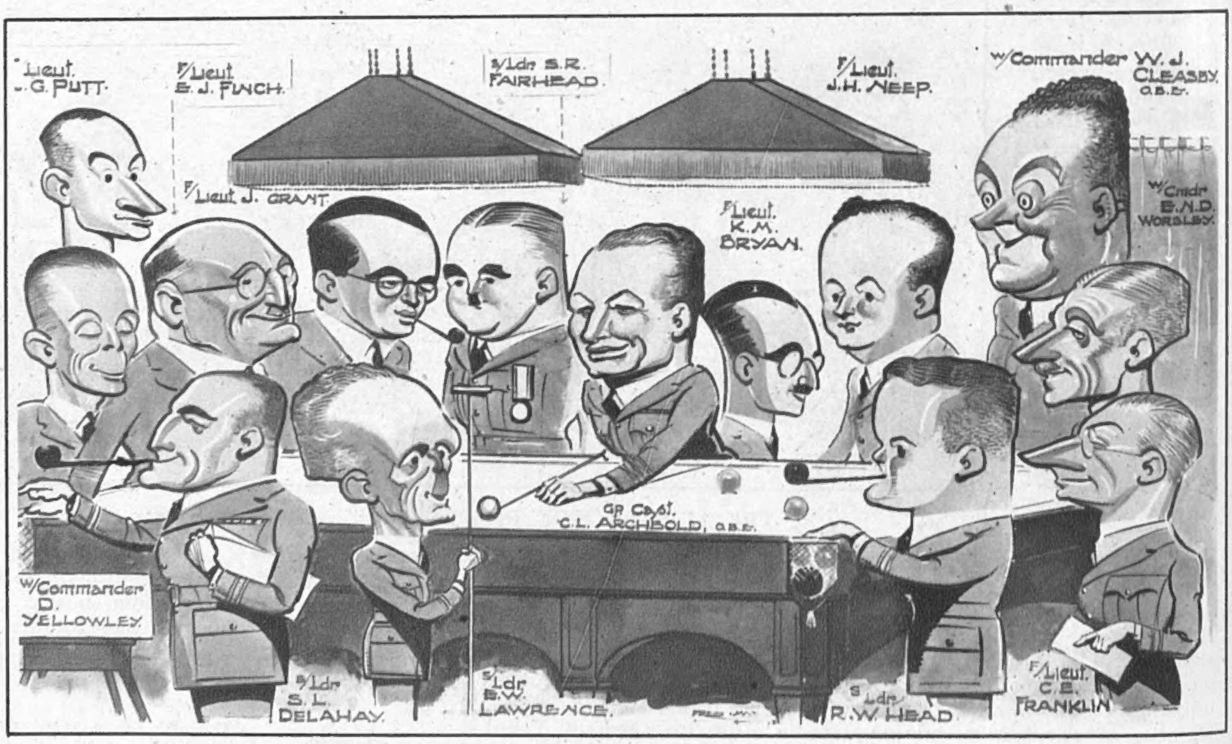
Very much on the spot.

DRAWN BY F. MILLAR.

Workers of the World.

How strangely we poor, frail, human beings vary in our attitude to the ever-lasting ogre called Work! I have been reading about a miner, aged 81, who still goes regularly to the work he has been doing for 72 years. He scorns retirement, because he says (and how right he is!) that when you retire "your joints go wrong." He also scorns the silver teapots and ornamental clocks which have been offered in commemoration of his long service, because he says he has quite enough teapots and clocks to be going on with. But I have also been reading about another worker, aged 23, who left his first job because the hours were too long, and his second because he got wet one day, and his third because he was tired, and his fourth because he was stung by a dragon-fly, and his fifth because a brick fell on his finger. Poor chap! He just doesn't seem to have any luck.

For Attention, Please. There was a well-known financier (gentlemen's note of hand alone) of the nineteenth century who, when asked his impressions of Rome on returning from abroad, replied pithily: "You can 'ave Rome." Will Hitler say the same? I commend the sentiment to his attention.



A certain branch of COASTAL COMMAND, ROYAL AIR FORCE, H.Q., *was at ease at the billiard table when our artist called. This fine Service plays a very great part in defence of our shipping, patrolling the lengthy coast-lines, keeping guard.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

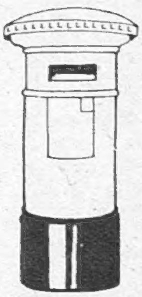
The seventy-fifth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"TELL ME, DOES HE HAVE TO HAVE PETROL COUPONS FOR IT?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—My heart, to put it mildly, was like a singing-bird when I awoke in the Horse and Hounds Hotel on the morning we were to go riding, and found the dawn was grey. A driving mist and fine rain were sweeping horizontally across the moors and blotting out the landscape in true West Country fashion.

I arrived at the breakfast-table in the highest spirits, and the first thing Hilary and Jacko Finnigan said to me was, "Why haven't you got on your riding things?"

"My dear life," I said, "look at the weather!"

"It 's a lovely day," said Jacko, as a furious blast of wind and rain flung itself against the dining-room windows.

"You don't propose to sit fugging in the Hotel all day, I *hope*," said Hilary.

"I don't think you 'll really care about being seen with me in my Jodhpurs," I said. "As a matter of fact, they belonged to the Linnet when she was at school, and they 're a bit short in the leg."

"I don't believe Henrietta *wants* to go riding," said Hilary, opening her eyes wide.

"What she would really like," said Charles, who had just arrived at the breakfast-table, "would be to run along behind with a little cart collecting manure for the garden."

"An enormous map which hangs on the wall of the dining-room."

In the Lounge, after breakfast, everybody was looking at maps. The guests at the Horse and Hounds, when they are not actually riding, spend practically the whole of their time looking at maps. Sometimes they spring from their tables at meals and unroll an enormous one which hangs on the wall of the dining-room.

"Hackin'?" said a Young Woman kindly, trying not to look at my Jodhpurs.

"Er—yes. I think we are going for a little ride," I said nervously.

By an unlucky stroke of fate we were the first to leave the Hotel that morning. Three enormous horses arrived for Hilary, Charles and Jacko, and Magpie, my piebald pony, who lived a carefree existence in the field opposite, was caught and saddled.

"Come along, Old Girl," said Charles encouragingly. "Up you get."

I looked at Magpie. Magpie looked at me and immediately laid back his ears and showed the whites of his eyes. All horses do this as soon as I come near them. I can't think why, for always my one idea is to placate them in every possible way. The guests of the Horse and Hounds gathered in the porch.

"It 's not far to fall off Magpie, anyway," said Hilary, looking down on me kindly.

I approached my pony gingerly. "The other side!" whispered Charles.

"Charles, couldn't I get up somewhere else, where people couldn't see?"

"No, no. You must be brave, Henrietta."

"Charles, Charles! I 've forgotten how to hold the reins!"

"Nonsense; you never forget. It 's like swimming," said Charles, who was now mounted upon a sort of charger.

Somehow I struggled into the saddle, my ears burning as I heard a titter behind me, and we clattered off up the street. Magpie, to my delight, walked very slowly, with drooping head. It was obvious that my weight was too much for him.

"All right?" said Jacko.

"Well, yes. But supposing a lorry comes rushing round the corner, Jacko?"

"Make Magpie walk on the grass."

I pulled the rein doubtfully. Magpie, in the most obliging manner, moved on to the grass at the side of the road. Enormously encouraged by this, I said "Gee-up, Magpie," and kicked him gently in the ribs.

"A masterly display of horsemanship," said Charles.

But all too soon we were on the moors and Charles and the Finnigans cantered away. Magpie, to my relief, showed no desire to follow them and began eating heather. I turned up the collar of my coat and waited. It was very cold. A canter would undoubtedly restore circulation, but suppose I fell off and broke my arm? With Matins called up and Evensong ill, who would look after poor Charles? Suppose I broke my thigh and had to lie for months with one foot suspended from the ceiling? Suppose I broke my back and was encased in plaster? Oh, that dreadful hour just before the dawn when you feel you *must* move! You can't keep on ringing your bell—the poor nurses——

A drop of rain ran down my neck, and I opened my eyes and shivered. "All the same, Magpie," I said aloud, "pneumonia isn't much fun either," and I gave him a whack with the end of the reins.

Magpie bounded forwards and I fell off sideways. Magpie immediately stopped and turned round and gave me a long, kind look. I sat up and gave him a lump of sugar, saved from breakfast, which I had in my pocket. "You sweet little thing," I said. "Fancy being afraid of you!" and I kissed his soft nose.

Charles was right; it *is* like swimming, and you never forget. What I had forgotten was the exhilaration, the wind singing in your ears and the thud of hoofs on the soft turf under you.

"Well, well, well, look what we have here!" said Charles, who, with Hilary and Jacko, had come back to look for me. It was a pity that Magpie took it into his head, just at that moment, to shy at a perfectly harmless board saying "National Trust," but he did, and I slid up his neck till his little untidy mane tickled my chin.

"Another masterly display," said Charles.

"Magpie gave me a long, kind look."

"Had a good ride?" said the Young Woman, for whom I had conceived a violent liking, when we met in the Bar before lunch for beer.

"Rippin'," I said. "I 'll show you on the map——"

There was a cushion on my chair in the dining-room when we went in to lunch. I think Charles put it there.

Now our holiday is over and we are home again. Lady B. was here to greet us with the kettle boiling. Perry, who had been on a visit to her flat in our absence, gave us an indifferent welcome. It was even colder than usual. Charles said it was probably because I smelt of horse, and he didn't care about it. Lady B. says everybody knows now about Faith going to have a baby, and the Conductor is in an agony of nerves and tries to make her lie on the sofa all day.

"Perry gave us an indifferent welcome."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

THE DUCHESS AND THE ARTIST.

When H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *visited the Norland Institute and Nurseries at Chislehurst she inspected the work of the young artists and stood for some time watching* SELWYN IMAGE *at his easel. He was painting with such concentration that he remained completely unaware of the royal scrutiny. The Duchess is herself an artist of considerable gifts, so she examined the little boy's picture with expert attention. Her visit to the Institute was to present long-service and special badges for work in war nurseries.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

YOU will have noticed an increasing tendency of late to make films about *groups* of people—marines, A.T.S. girls, munition workers, nurses of Bataan. In the old days, it used to be considered sufficient for one beautiful girl to have one love-story in each film. Nowadays we study the emotional problems of half-a-dozen in a batch. Whether it is just reaction, or the departmental influence of war, I cannot say, but it seems that no profession is too specialised to come under the scrutiny of the modern screen. Within recent months we have examined the habits of Powers models, tomato-growers, telephone linesmen, convicts' sweethearts and orchestra wives. We await with unabated interest a film on the manners of crooners' cousins.

In the meantime, here is "THE LAMP STILL BURNS" (Leicester Square), which puts our British nurses on the files. It follows a new probationer to a big London hospital; shows her training, her experiences in lecture-room, ward and operating-theatre; her tiffs with matron and sister; her encounters with doctors and patients; her night in the blitz; her initial mistakes; and her gradual mastery of routine. It also shows her getting into deserved hot water for playing Cupid between men's and women's wards. It shows her haled before the Board of Governors, and putting them in their place with a few choice words on the need for reform in the British hospital system.

The film is dimly based on Monica Dickens's book of hospital reminiscences, "One Pair of Feet." But Miss Dickens, in her shrewd, but often perfunctory, observations on people and things, was obviously not thinking of a film market. She overlooked Love. This omission the film has naturally remedied. The heroine, Nurse Clarke (Rosamund John), loves very dearly a Fractured Rib in the men's ward. This Fractured Rib (Stewart Granger) is no ordinary case. He is young. He has a beautiful torso. He is a millionaire. He has been brought into hospital after an explosion in his factory. Across the way, in the women's ward, is a co-casualty, the young lady violinist (Margaret Vyner), whom he is practically engaged to marry. What shall the millionaire do? He loves Nurse Clarke, who has seen him through his operation. But he feels tenderly for the violinist, who has, after all, been blown up for his sake. What shall Nurse Clarke do? Poor girl; apart from her natural nice feelings, she has another problem. She loves the Fractured Rib, yes; but as much—nay, more—she loves Nursing. Which future shall she choose? *Quo Vadis*, Nurse? . . . The violinist's feelings, of course, scarcely enter into the picture at all. She is good, she is sweet, but she is just the Other Woman. And as such her inevitable sacrifice is accepted without a qualm.

"The Lamp Still Burns," as you will remember, is the film that Leslie Howard left unfinished when he went on that last, unlucky trip to Lisbon. Howard never intended to appear in the picture, nor to direct, as in fact he did, more than an odd love-scene or two. He produced, and the direction throughout was in the hands of Maurice Elvey, who finished the picture. We cannot tell in what ways, if any, Howard would have edited and presented the film, how he might have set his personal imprint on it, had he come safely home from his journey. Howard did much in the latter stages of all his films; his delicate, finishing touches were notable. All that we can fairly say is that "The Lamp Still Burns," as it is now presented, falls short of the highest standard of the man who made "Pimpernel Smith," "The Gentle Sex" and "The First of the Few."

Make no mistake—it will be enormously popular. There is enough good, honest feeling about it, enough human observation, to engage one's sympathy. Somewhere in it, at some point, there is something for everybody. If you are an expert, you will applaud the beautiful operation, performed with the instruments and under the supervision of a famous London hospital. If you are a natural rebel, you will relish Nurse Clarke's struggle against what seems to her stuffy routine. If you are romantically minded, you will probably fall for Stewart Granger. And whoever you are, whatever may be your feeling about nursing as a profession, you will almost certainly like Rosamund John's warm-hearted, sensible, womanly performance.

"The Lamp Still Burns" should be a tremendous success, and will probably make heaps and heaps of money. I hope it does, and then I shall feel less heartless at pointing out that this generous, ardent, well-meaning piece is not a very lucid exposition of any theme. What is it really driving at? What message is it actually trying to convey? That Love should be greater than Nursing—or that Nursing is greater than Love? That the hospitals are doing as well as they can, or that hospitals can do much better? Is it a tribute to the profession as it is, or a plea for the profession as it might be? Or both? Or neither?

No queries at all disturb my pleasure in "HOLY MATRIMONY" (Tivoli), with Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. "Holy Matrimony" is a glorious little film, with expert performance, a clear plot and a crisp script. It is Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive"—about the Edwardian painter who allows his valet to be buried in Westminster Abbey in his place, and then finds paradise in Putney with the widow he meets through a matrimonial agency.

Monty Woolley is the painter. Laird Cregar is the art expert who recognises the "dead" man's canvases and hales him into a court of law. Gracie Fields, humming no more than a bar or two of "Loch Lomond," as she bakes the bread, is the sensible little widow with such a knack of putting crooked things straight. It is hard to say—and, indeed, I shall not attempt to say—which is the neatest, the crispest, the surest and the most beautifully experienced performance of the three. Arnold Bennett gave them a grand story. Nunnally Johnson gave them a fine actor's script and dialogue. Miss Fields and Mr. Woolley have simply gone to it, and given the audience eighty minutes of showmanship at its best.

Who says boxing pictures are for men only? Judging from the squeals of delight that came from the darkness behind me every time anyone took or delivered a hard punch in "GENTLEMAN JIM," the Sport of Kings is also the sport of usherettes. They adored it, these gentle torch-bearers; screamed with joy when Errol Flynn was knocked clean over the ropes into the "drink"—for the date of the film is the 1890's, and the contest takes place on a barge.

THE BEST PLAYS.

Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "WATCH ON THE RHINE" (*Aldwych*). Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in U.S.

*** "FLARE PATH" (*Apollo*). R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SWEET AND LOW" (*Ambassadors*). Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

** "LOTTIE DUNDASS" (*Cambridge*). Unusual thriller with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

** "CLAUDIA" (*St. Martin's*). Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "STRIKE A NEW NOTE" (*Prince of Wales*). George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

** "MY SISTER EILEEN" (*Savoy*). American slapstick with Sally Gray, Coral Browne, Max Bacon.

** "JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "HI-DE-HI" (*Stoll*). Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

** "IT'S TIME TO DANCE" (*Winter Garden*). Musical with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

* "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN" (*Coliseum*). Revue with Nervo and Knox.

* "SHE FOLLOWS ME ABOUT" (*Garrick*). Farce. Robertson Hare, Basil Radford, Catherine Lacey, Joyce Heron.

* "THEY CAME TO A CITY" (*Globe*). Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

* "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* "FLYING COLOURS" (*Lyric*). Revue. Binnie Hale, Douglas Byng, Jackie Hunter.

* SADLER'S WELLS OPERA COMPANY. (*New*). Autumn season.

* "VARIETY COMES BACK" (*Palladium*). Max Miller, Maurice Colleano, Billy Cotton's Band, etc.

* "MR. BOLFRY" (*Playhouse*). New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

* "ACACIA AVENUE" (*Vaudeville*). Comedy. Gordon Harker, Hubert Gregg, Dorothy Hamilton, Megs Jenkins.

* "THE LOVE RACKET" (*Victoria Palace*). High-speed musical with Arthur Askey and Carol Raye.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

"Now, Voyager" (Warner Theatre, November 5) stars BETTE DAVIS *as Charlotte Vale, neurotic woman of twenty-eight who looks thirty-eight. Dr. Jaquith* (CLAUDE RAINS), *psychiatrist, tends her at his rest home and advises her to go on a sea voyage.*

Back from her sea voyage, in love with Jerry Durrance (played by Paul Henried) and full of self-confidence, Charlotte faces up to her dominating mother, Mrs. Vale (GLADYS COOPER), *who dies of a heart attack. With one intervening love-affair, Charlotte marries Jerry, having befriended his child.*

"Gentleman Jim" (Warners) studies the early career of James J. Corbett, the boxing bank clerk of San Francisco. Not being within reach, at the moment, of actual Corbett data—having been in my pram at the time of the hero's great triumphs—I cannot tell how far they have taken liberties with the boxer's personal saga. According to the film, James J. was a cocksure, stunning young man from a noisy Irish-American family; who stepped out of his class with a bit of pretty footwork; earned the impassioned hate of a daughter of San Francisco's

"Hi Diddle Diddle" (New Gallery) is a duly complicated story of shady money, roulette boards, disappearing crooks and pretty women, with (l. to r.) Janie (MARTHA SCOTT), *to marry a sailor; Leslie Quayle* (JUNE HAVOC), *married to the sailor; Colonel Hector Phyffe* (ADOLPHE MENJOU), *attractive gentleman but shady schemer; and his wife, Genya Smetana* (POLA NEGRI), *opera singer who supports him.*

snob society; insulted her, loved her, and won her, on the same night that he knocked out John L. Sullivan and became heavy-weight champion of the world.

All this may be true, or it may not. From the entertainment, as distinct from the academic, point of view, it really doesn't matter. The point is that the boxing scenes—or so my experts tell me—reach a new technical high. You are given ringside seats for the best fights in pictures. It is possible that some other pair of feet have been loaned for the close-up footwork. It is credible—such things have happened before in films—that for the essential, the titanic blows, the film was tricked or someone used a double. Nevertheless, Errol Flynn, as Corbett, looks good enough, strips admirably, shows a surprising turn of speed and seems as though he might really give a champion a run for his money. It *did* occur to me once or twice that Corbett might have been more interesting if he had not been such a consistent winner, if he had had just one teensy-weensy defeat to his discredit. John L. Sullivan (Ward Bond), his great opponent, is generous and noble, but seems, perhaps, too easy. But pay no attention to me, fight-fans. I 'm just being captious. It happens that I have a weakness for a hero who gets to the top the hard way.

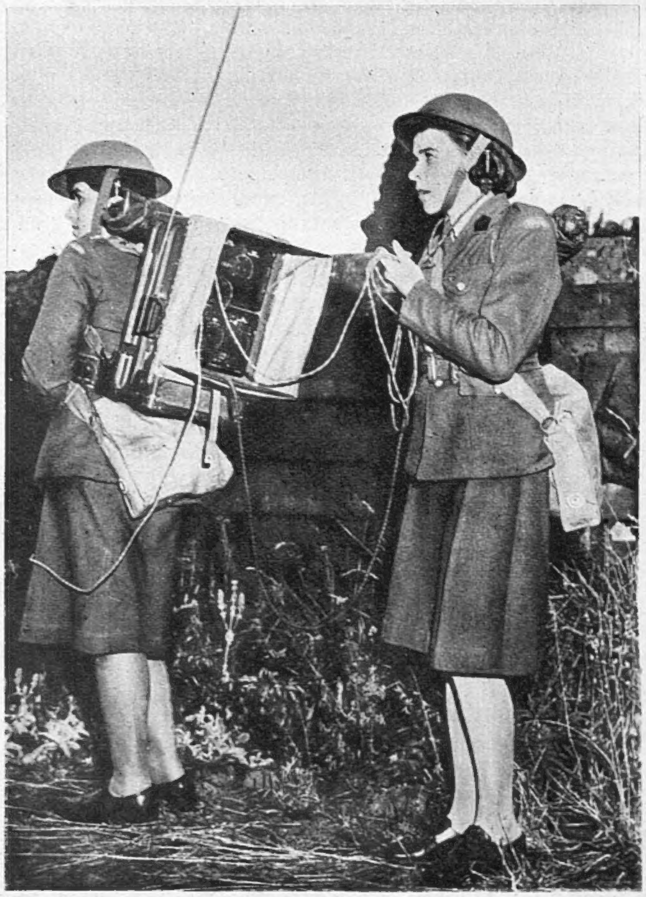
There is one thing I want to know about "WINTERTIME," the new Sonja Henie film at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion. In the interests of democracy, I ask—nay, I demand—the name of Sonja Henie's skating partner. This agile gentleman, who supports, upholds and enhances the star in all her ice routines is obviously as essential to the show as a steel blade and frozen water. Yet his name does not appear among the forty-odd credits on my synopsis. One can understand why. He has no character in the film. He doesn't direct, or produce, or act, or write music, or photograph, or even design costumes. He is just the man who holds up the girl who is the star of the picture. He 's merely a professional skating partner. But WHO IS HE?

Aside from this demand, which is a matter of principle, I am not going to be pernickety about "Wintertime." It is a silly film, but that is not important. It is about practically nothing, but I shall not labour the point. Sonja skates. That is all that matters. After a lot of initial to-do, in which she enacts a Norwegian visitor to Canada who has to think up some way of picking up a few dollars for her dear old ruined uncle—after heart-break, and doubt, and quite unnecessary cerebration, she has a bright idea, straps on the fairy blades and goes into action.

Anything Miss Henie does on ice is O.K. by me. My learned professors, who once taught me that every art medium had its related material, would doubtless turn down their thumbs on a hula dance performed at several degrees below freezing-point. But then my learned professors had little to do with films. Walking daily with the masters, they had come to expect perfection. Not for them the film critic's grateful surprise for anything, however inappropriate, that is excellent and meticulous of its kind. When Miss Henie straps on her skates, it may not be indigenous dance, or even film that we see, but it is the very poetry of motion, caught by the cameras for our instruction and delight.

It is a mystery to me why the producers ever bother to think up a film like "Wintertime" for Sonja Henie, with all its attendant plot, sets, characters and gags. Why strip Cesar Romero of his trousers? Why dress up Jack Oakie in a funny fur coat? Why call Miss Henie Nora Osgaard, give her a love-affair and a financial crash? Obviously, the thing to do is to lead her gently towards some ice. That is the whole aim and purpose of the work, and the sooner they get on with it the better for us all.

RKO Radio's "Yellow Canary" (Regal and Empire, November 5), produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, has a shock-surprise ending. It is the story of a beautiful English girl—member of a loyal family well represented in the armed Forces—who is hated, feared, ridiculed and hunted on land and sea as Nazi friend and tool. L. to r.: ALBERT LIEVEN, LUCIE MANNHEIM, ANNA NEAGLE, *prone on the floor, and* RICHARD GREENE.



The POLISH A.T.S., or PESKI, are doing strenuous training somewhere in Scotland. These two members of the service are acting as an aeroplane spotter team.

The first WELSH EISTEDDFOD ever to be held in the Middle East took place in Cairo. The Druids are chairing the successful bard, W. T. JONES.

PAULINE TENNANT received congratulations from her mother, HERMIONE BADDELEY, in her dressing-room after the first night of "She Follows Me About," in which she plays Caroline.

LIEUT. RODERICK DOUGLAS MACDONALD, R.N., only son of Mr. D. Macdonald, the Hermitage, Merrow, married MISS KATHLEEN WILLIS, younger daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir A. Willis.

These members of the W.A.A.F., wearing complete suits of oilskin, are on a barrage-balloon station. They are here giving their charge a gas "transfusion" from a pressure cylinder.

LIEUT. DAVID LESLIE ROBERTS, R.A., only son of the late Sydney C. Roberts, M.C., and of Mrs. D. M. Greenfield, married MISS JOAN MARY LESLIE, V.A.D. daughter of Brigadier W. Leslie.

ENGAGEMENTS, MARRIAGES, CHRISTENINGS

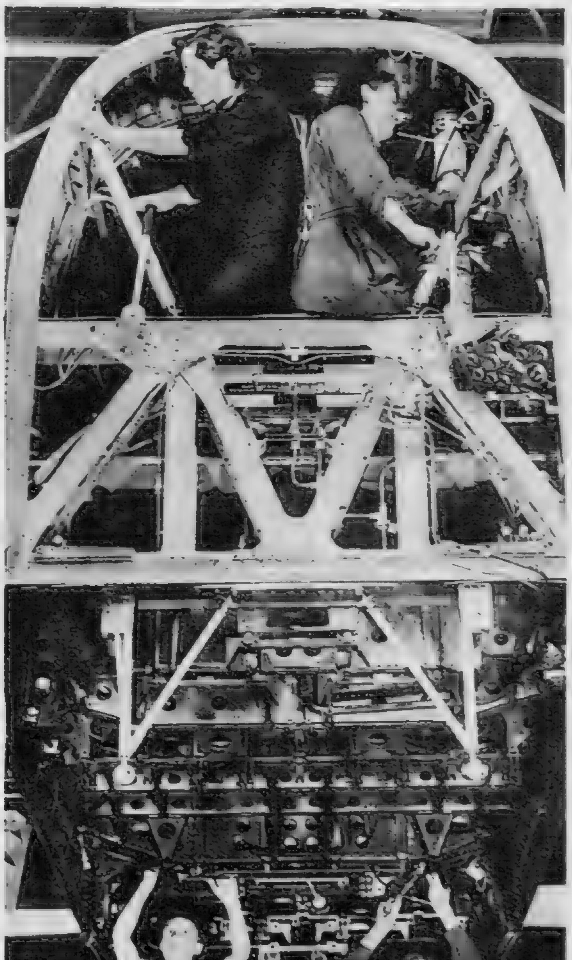
The murals at the American Red Cross Washington Club are amusing, but A. EDERSDORFF, *of Davenport, Iowa, finds his newspaper more absorbing.*

MAJOR *and* THE HON. MRS. INNES *at the Guards' Chapel after the christening of their infant son,* JAMES RICHARD. *Mrs. Innes was the Hon. Nefertari Bethell.*

MISS SHELAGH MACAULEY, *daughter of Mr. T. A. Macauley, is engaged to Captain Viscount Vaughan, Welsh Guards, only son of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne.*

The marriage of MRS. D. PHILIPS, *daughter of Mr. Percy Duke, to Captain Jack Brittain Jones, C.B.E., son of Mrs. H. D. C. Jones, of Luggershall, Broadway, is fixed for November 4.*

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD EVANS *was godfather to* GILLIAN, *baby daughter of Mr. Stanley French, Firth Shephard's manager.* WREN DAVINIA DAVIDSON *(l.) and* MISS CORAL BROWNE *(r.) were godmothers.*



At a large transport depôt hundreds of women are turning out aeroplane parts, having formed themselves into a group for this work. Here they are operating on bomb racks, etc., of a Halifax.

EISTEDDFOD, WORK AND ENTERTAINMENT.

THE NEW CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS, WITH HIS WIFE.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. LAYCOCK, D.S.O., *Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), chief of Combined Operations in succession to Lord Louis Mountbatten.*

MAJOR-GENERAL *and* MRS. LAYCOCK, *with one of their favourite dogs.*

Formerly Miss Angela Dudley Ward: MRS. R. E. LAYCOCK, *who runs the All Ranks Canteen Club at Combined Operations Headquarters.*

MRS. LAYCOCK *with baby* EMMA, *aged four months. She also has a little boy and another girl.*

BRIGADIER R. E. LAYCOCK, new Chief of Combined Operations, with the acting rank of Major-General, is thirty-six. He is the son of Brig.-General Sir Joseph Laycock, and in 1935 married Miss Angela Dudley Ward, younger daughter of the Marquise de Casa Maury. He was in April 1941 at the head of a Commando Unit known as the "Layforce." Its first operation was a daring raid on Bardia. He was reported missing, but turned up after a few days. He went to Crete with his force to cover the main evacuation. His headquarters were ambushed by a strong party of Germans but he jumped into a British tank standing close by, drove it at the Germans and escaped. He also took part in the Commando raid on Rommel's Libyan Headquarters in 1941, and his gallant and distinguished work in Sicily won him the D.S.O.

NEW SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN.

M. FEODOR GUSIEV *is the new Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, in succession to M. Maisky, now Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs. He recently arrived in England and was welcomed by Mr. Eden, who discussed with him the plans for the Moscow conferences. M. Gusiev is a young Ambassador, as he is thirty-nine, and has been only six years in the diplomatic. He was formerly the first Soviet Minister to Canada. He was recently received in audience by the King. He speaks English fluently and is a student of our institutions. This portrait is by Karsh, of Ottawa, who is over here to compile a series of camera studies of Allied War Leaders for Canadian records.*

NEW PAGES OF HISTORY FOR STIRLING CASTLE:

On the bridge over the moat at Stirling Castle: Some of the A.T.S. who work there.

Considering the march of time as it has affected military equipment: the A.T.S. test the weight of an old-world cannon-ball.

Marching as proudly as the Bruce's men-at-arms: A.T.S. girls cross the bridge on leaving the Castle.

IN 1226 Alexander II. made Stirling Castle a royal residence, and it has been closely associated with Scottish history for hundreds of years—to-day fresh pages are being added to its chronicle of war, for A.T.S. cooks, signal operators and clerks are now quartered there and work in offices in the ancient building, while the N.A.A.F.I. canteen is installed in the sixteenth-century reception

[*Continued opposite.*

By the monument to R… Bannockburn: a gro… hero's…

By the pulpit from which John Knox thund… a relic now preserv…

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

THE A.T.S. IN SCOTLAND'S FAMOUS STRONGHOLD.

Continued.]

hall and the A.T.S. recreation room was once Mary Queen of Scots' retiring room. Stirling Castle was the birthplace of James II. (1430), and probably of James III. and James IV. In 1594 Prince Henry was baptised in the Chapel Royal (now rebuilt), and Mary Queen of Scots spent some time there. It is, however, most closely associated with Robert the Bruce, as it was to attempt to relieve Stirling that Edward II. risked the battle at Bannockburn in 1314.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOX.

...t the B... ce, victor of ...f A.T.... admire the ...tue.

...gainst the monstrous regiment (rule) of women, ... the Douglas room.

On the ramparts of Stirling, key stronghold of Scotland: the A.T.S. look over the battlements.

A quaint curiosity affords amusement for modern girls: two A.T.S. enjoy a laugh while exploring the Castle, which contains many objects of interest.

The crew unanimously chose "BETTY BOOP" as the name for this figure, with "Lil" as second choice. Screen cartoon fans will know Betty well.

"PLUTO'S AVENGER." This 'plane replaced a missing machine named Pluto, and has a fierce eagle painted in place of the docile dog.

"ANY TIME ANNIE" is a fanciful nude whose name won the vote of the entire crew of this sky warrior.

"LADY LUSCIOUS" sits nonchalant on a bomb. This Fort, out of nineteen raids, has ten enemy 'planes to her credit.

"IZA VAILABLE" is a Fortress which has flown on nineteen successful missions. Originally she had a mass of Gremlins painted on her.

"THE DUCHESS," decorated with another nude, is an old warrior with twenty-eight raids and nineteen enemy 'planes to her credit up to the taking of the photograph.

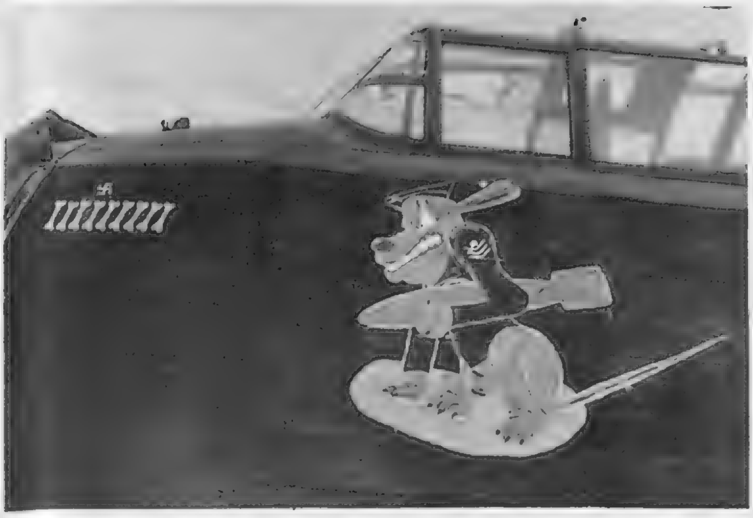
The crew of "WALLAROO" (Kangaroo) felt the name typified its quick work, and added a bird-figure sky-speeding among the stars.

This Fort's name—"THE RED ASS," is in code. The present crew doesn't know its origin, as the 'plane has had many different crews.

"BUGS BUNNY"—named from a Walt Disney creation—has been on thirty-six bombing trips.

THE HERALDRY OF THE AIR: AMERICAN 'PLANE CRESTS.

As with the sailor for his ship, the crews of most bombers have a real affection for their 'planes, which they endow with names—often witty and apt—and crests, most unheraldic and quite unofficial, to add to the bomb-lists. This page shows insignia of certain of the Eighth Air Force Fortresses of the U.S.A.A.F. operating from Britain. Many of the names are illustrated by colourful characters from the films or the crew's mother-wit, others just have a catchy slogan splashed across the 'planes' elongated noses. We can get a pretty good line on the meaning of most of them.

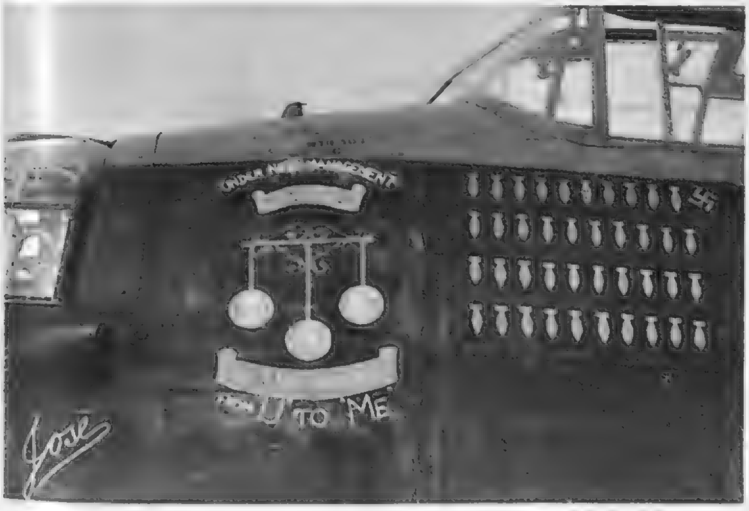


PLUTO *holds the rank of Flight Sergeant in the R.A.A.F. His nine bones represent his nine trips over enemy territory with a R.A.A.F. Lancaster, " W for Willie," and the swastika an enemy night-fighter shot down.*

MICKEY MOUSE *had made twenty-two holes in German-held territory when this photograph was taken. The aircraft " B for Beer" is called " Pranger Mac," after a former S/Ldr. McKenzie, of New Zealand. " Prang" means destroy.*

The Lancaster's kangaroo-devil has no name, but he's a quick worker, and behind his back he holds what's coming to the enemy. The bombs mean trips over German, and ice-cream cones over Italian, targets.

Half this Lancaster's crew at the time the photograph was taken were Scots, hence the bagpipes borne by this lively kangaroo, who wears flying-boots as an indication that he is not slow in the uptake.



This Lancaster was originally " U for Uncle," hence the pawnshop sign. " Under new management" represents the change to " M for Mother." Forty bomb-raids are shown, and the swastika denotes a night-fighter shot down by the crew.

" UNCLE IKE," *" U for Uncle," another R.A.A.F. bomber, suggested its own emblem, but, reversing the usual procedure, Uncle is repaying Germany with interest.*

THE AUSTRALIAN ANGLE ON SKY HERALDRY: SOME " AUSSIE " EMBLEMS.

A VERY lively detachment of emblems painted on aircraft of the Royal Australian Air Force Squadrons based in the United Kingdom is shown here. The " crests " include several indigenous kangaroos and some Walt Disney characters, besides two " Uncles " who have a special interest in enemy territory. These examples are chosen from many others, in which the devices range from foaming mugs of beer to give a headache to the enemy to a Tom Fool who says he is not joking.

SADLER'S WELLS OPERA AT THE NEW: "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

Hänsel and Gretel fall into the clutches of the Ugly Witch. (L. to r.) OLIVE DYER, VALETTA IACOPI, MINNIA BOWER.

THE Sadler's Wells Opera Company opened its autumn season at the New Theatre with a new production of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," produced by Mr. Powell Lloyd, who also designed the scenery. The symphony written round the adventures of the two children is conducted by Herbert Menges. The Company has had many difficulties to face since its London Headquarters was damaged during the blitz, but it has visited fifty-six towns, often twice or three times, since 1940, travelling many thousands of miles, and has given performances in ten or more of the biggest military camps, with great success.

Miniature in stature, 4 ft. 8 in. OLIVE DYER *and 5 ft.* MINNIA BOWER *are the perfect choice for Humperdinck's famous fairy opera. Here they sit in their dressing-room waiting for the call*

The Dream Pantomime. Fourteen Angels watch over Hänsel and Gretel as they lie sleeping in the wood.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

ANN MILLER, SWING AND SPEED!

ANN MILLER'S tip-top, high-speed dancing, Rochester's hilarious fun and the new swing tunes played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra are the high-lights of "WHAT'S BUZZIN', COUSIN?", Columbia picture which [*Continued opposite.*

Continued.] was due to open at the New Gallery Cinema on Friday, October 29. These pictures show Ann Miller in the film and going through a routine of dance practise which she recommends as ideal for health and figure control. Her recent pictures have been "Reveille with Beverly" and "Hey, Rookie." She is just twenty years of age, and has been dancing since she was three; is 5 ft. 5½ in. in height and has sparkling blue eyes.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

NOSTALGIA for the past is a very prevalent mood, not only among literary men; and Mr. James Pope-Hennessy yields himself to it with melancholy and grace. His "West Indian Summer" is an account of the island of Trinidad seen through a temperament—in fact, through several temperaments—and through the mists, varying in density, of several pasts. He himself was there in the summer of 1939 as aide-de-camp to the Governor. We must not confuse him with Cashel, who in the book holds the same position and who borrowed from the Archbishop the books from which the historical matter of this charming and meditative volume was gleaned; but no doubt some of their impressions were the same.

"Cashel had grown very fond of his cottage," we read, "and of the gully, Nutmeg Ravine, in the Botanic Garden. They both exemplified the Victorian romanticism which had come to seem the main appeal of the Caribbean." Of the nine English visitors whose experiences in the West Indies Mr. Pope-Hennessy retells, two lived in the sixteenth century, one in the seventeenth, and the rest in the reigns of George III., George IV. and Queen Victoria. Only three were definitely Victorians—Anthony Trollope, J. A. Froude and Charles Kingsley—but their very vital personalities, filtering through the author's ironic mind, become potent symbols of Victorian romanticism; and the majority of the illustrations have a hint of that indefinable Victorian absurdity which is so dear to us now.

Eminent Victorians. Two of the Victorian visitors to the West Indies were, as might be expected, somewhat censorious. Trollope was disgusted with the architecture of the Catholic churches: "built in the worst taste and by a combination of the lowest attributes of Gothic and Latin architecture." Froude liked the scenery, and the drink called "cocktail," but he disapproved of the way the islands were governed: his strictures, embodied in "The Bow of Ulysses," "evoked at least one sharp reply, *Froudacity*, by a negro gentleman called Thomas." Kingsley, on the other hand, thoroughly enjoyed his visit, and his record of it, "At Last," "written with admirable feeling and sound knowledge," also displays "an attitude of persistent appreciation." All three men were good observers, particularly Trollope, whose account of West Indian social life (in Jamaica they danced from ten until five in the morning) is fascinating. He, like most of the travellers, including the author, found the changing relationship between the European inhabitants and the native population an absorbing study.

A note of fantasy is heard from time to time; it sounds most loudly in Mr. Pope-Hennessy's account of the visit of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Hans Sloane, physician to the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle. The Duke died; the Duchess, already rather mad, became madder; only for Dr. Sloane, absorbed in botany, could the trip be counted a success. But on the whole Mr. Pope-Hennessy resists the lure of fantasy, which must have appealed strongly to his temperament, and his literary sense, and makes his imagination submit to the discipline of history and biography. Of all the visitors to the West Indies, Sir Walter Raleigh is least to his taste: he finds Raleigh's "attitude to his adventures" "tough and worldly." In adding up the positive recommendations to this enchanting little book its freedom from toughness and worldliness and other forms of literary aggression should not be forgotten.

Émigrés in Rio. "Sun Over the Palms" keeps us in the New World, but takes us to Rio de Janeiro, and the pullulating suburb of Paula Mattos Hill, once fashionable, now almost a slum. There lives the émigré Italian, Chico Marianni, with his wife and eight children and the eight apprentices to whom he was teaching his trade of tailoring. Chico is an enthusiast; an enthusiast for his family, for art, and for life; a man without an idle bone in his often ailing body, and without an unkind thought in his head. In her diary, which forms the third section of this long but not too long novel, his eldest daughter, Imaculata, a girl with her full share of the family's instinct for self-sacrifice, records that her father was fond of saying, "If there should be one person in the world that I cannot like, I would rather die." It would be too much to say that there is not a single character in this crowded story whom one cannot like. Lucio's schoolfellows were as cruel and unpleasant as schoolboys, confronted by someone who does not conform to their standards, are apt to be everywhere; Jack, Lucio's friend, had a strain of treachery in him; the old lady to whom Gloria-Helena used to read, and on whose pet dogs she took such a mean revenge, was a sadist; and there are many others who, especially in matters connected with sex, behave rather deplorably. But there is hardly anyone whom one feels to be quite beyond the possibility of liking, or at any rate, of understanding. Senhor Magno possesses the gift of understanding in a very high degree, and the gift, equally rare, of making this gift free from sentimentality.

Family Happiness. The subject of his story—it is a story somewhat deficient in subject—is the development of Chico's family and their efforts to make their way in the world. Most of them inherited their father's passion for the arts. In the case of Lucio, the twelve-year-old poet, this passion overcame all obstacles; but Imaculata sacrificed her piano to pay her father's debts. The background to their struggles is the last World War, but the war does not exert much influence either on the mentality or the fortunes of the characters; art and friendship are the dominant factors in their make-up. Except for ill-health and poverty, two large exceptions, the Marianni family would have lived together in perfect felicity; their temperaments, diverse as they were, were perfectly attuned to the complex requirements of family life. Affection made adaptability as easy as second nature. Yet each had a lodestar outside the family as well as in it, and their moth-like flutterings in quest of these objectives are described by Senhor Magno with an insight at once tender and remorseless.

The book has faults. The multiplicity of threads to be followed teases the reader's mind, and leaves him with a sense of having explored a great number of by-paths without more than a glimpse of a main road. A dozen stories together make less than a story. But it is part of his intention to show that individuals may gain rather than lose by close association with the greater unit of the family, and that every human being has his or her value, not to be overlooked even in the interests of æsthetic unity; and we must be content if in this panorama of a Latin civilisation struggling to make itself more civilised, no figure is really outstanding just as none is overshadowed. Chico is the rallying-point of the book; but his complete selflessness prevents him from being its dictator.

This unfinished portrait of AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., *by T. C. Dugdale, R.A., is on view at the fifty-first exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, opening at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, on November 4.*

A German Anglophil. "Against the Tide" is not a novel: it is an account of Mr. Arnim Westerholt's efforts, just before and during Hitler's rise to power, to make the English spirit, in all its aspects, understandable to the German mind. It was a struggle against the tide of political feeling in Germany, and Mr. Westerholt only just escaped with his life, but his book is a valuable and important document, not only as showing the opposition to Nazi ideas which existed in Germany—this we were well aware of—but the friendly attitude towards what England stood for: a phenomenon much less widely realised.

After his conversion to a passionate Anglophil, Mr. Westerholt laboured unceasingly to fan these embers of good feeling into a flame. He lectured on England in Germany, he brought parties of German students to England to see and hear for themselves. He was instant in season and out of season, and it is a tribute to the strength of pro-English feeling in Germany that he escaped arrest for so long. Recriminations are unhelpful, nor does Mr. Westerholt indulge in them: but he is of opinion that it was a mistake to have taken a strong line with Streseman and Brüning, who could be reasoned with, and a weak one with Hitler, who could not.

Despite the intrinsic interest of its subject, "Against the Tide" is not always easy to read. There is a certain amount of action in it, fascinating glimpses of France and Italy in the early 'thirties, a charming picture of a retired English soldier busy among his roses; but in the main it is a symposium, in which the characters reveal their views rather than their natures. An irritating innovation in the use of paragraphs makes these views troublesome to follow—a pity, for the pros and cons on each side are marshalled with much ability. The intense if narrow interest taken by pre-Nazi Germans in ethical questions leaves room for hope that the author's final cry of despair may be premature, and that the soul of Germany, like that of Faust, may one day be redeemed.

Incurious Villagers. It is quite a change to meet such an uninquisitive group of people as the inhabitants of Exton Forcett. Even the police shared the villagers' amiable characteristic of putting the best construction on the grim event that took place in their midst. This was not wholly due to altruism; their guiding principle was rather to let sleeping dogs lie. But Providence was to exact a heavy penalty for this reluctance to inquire into the circumstances surrounding the death of the unpopular Dr. Wiegler, and the reader will share the regret of almost everyone who knew the second victim. There is a lot of good, plain detection in "Murder M.D."; several of the characters would do credit to a "straight" novel; and the *dénouement* is as exciting as the most exacting reader could wish—even though one may consider that a jury would have required more proven facts than Mr. Miles Burton supplies.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

West Indian Summer. By James Pope-Hennessy. (*Batsford; 12s. 6d.*)
Sun Over the Palms. By Paschoal Carlos Magno. (*Constable; 10s.*)
Against the Tide. By Arnim Westerholt. (*Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.*)
Murder M.D. By Miles Burton. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

THE SIERRAS WERE TRANSFORMED FOR "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS."

Pil r (KATINA PAXINOU), *telling Maria* (INGRID BERGMAN) *that Ro rt Jordan* (GARY COOPER) *is a young American who has joined their guerrilla band, gives her some amusing advice.*

Climbing to the gypsy's cave in the mountains: Pablo, the guerrilla leader; Rafael the gypsy (MIKHAIL RASUMNY); *Robert Jordan and Anselmo* (VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF).

Warily, from their vantage point, Jordan and Anselmo take the measure of the soldiers down below before they set their machine-gun in position.

Pablo (AKIM TAMIROFF), *whose actions arouse the suspicions of the band, is interrogated by Jordan, Maria, and Fernando* (FORTUNIO BONANOVA).

Ernest Hemingway's hero and heroine in the film: GARY COOPER *as Robert Jordan, with* INGRID BERGMAN *as Maria, both primed for action.*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S best-seller "For Whom the Bell Tolls" makes its film début in Technicolor at the Carlton on November 9. Produced and directed by Sam Wood, its three years of production have been anything but easy. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman were the author's own choice for the principal rôles, but Paramount had to begin shooting without them till other commitments were completed. The location in the High Sierra Nevada Mountains of Northern California was too "pretty" for the Technicolor cameras for the harsh Spanish scenes, so wild flowers were uprooted and old, gnarled tree-trunks substituted. Painters had to spray down the background of nearly every exterior scene owing to the quartz-and-metallic content of the rocks. However, here it is, and a good three hours' picture to watch.

A TALE OF SICILY.*

By JOANNA MARKHAM.

THE moon was rising above Etna—not the full moon that turns the shadows to black velvet, but the crescent moon, Selene, exquisite and slender. And Benedetto, poised like a bronze by Donatello, waited on the hill-side below Mola.

If Giovanna came, he would know she loved him; for in Sicily women are elusive, difficult to win; man the hunter, the slave, the devotee; and in that country of traditional discretion a girl of seventeen is almost, as it were, in *purdah*. Old customs die hard in Sicily, and at this time, some ten years ago, there still lingered the flavour of the ancient world and of the Moslem occupation. Women still sat weaving at their house-doors, their backs towards the street, lest passing men should see their faces, centuries after the Saracen invaders were forgotten.

So when Benedetto glimpsed Giovanna through the trees, he leapt the low wall and bounded down the hill-side to take her in his arms, despite her protests.

"You have come! What courage! Then you love me?"

"Yes, Benedetto, but I cannot stay: my mother may be missing me already."

"And what an eruption there would be!" He was devoted to outspoken Tanta Vella. "Well, listen, my spring anemone . . . you will remember that Herr Schaussitz, the film director, is staying at the Hotel Magnifico. Now and then he speaks to me and I find him *simpatico*. Well, yesterday, as I was working on the roof where last week's storm had loosened tiles, I was singing, as I thought, of you. From below he called: 'Do me the favour to come down, for I want a word with you.' So I obliged him; and what he told me was astounding. I could, he said, make my fortune on the films . . . he would find the money for my training . . . I should learn to sing . . . to speak languages . . . to fly a plane. . . . I need grooming as we groom the ass for Holy Thursday . . . it seems that I know nothing."

"Nothing!" Giovanna interrupted. "Can Herr Schaussitz tile roofs, train vines and dance like you?"

He laughed. "But, Carina, these things make no money. After a few years in America I should return to you with riches; you should have a farm and mules and painted carts, silk dresses and a diamond ring."

She was startled. America—about which they had talked since they were children! America—to Sicilians El Dorado, from which to return, their pockets filled, to the land they love! She wanted nothing in the world but him, yet he was saying: "I should have to start next month for Hollywood with Herr Schaussitz. But it all depends on you, for without you I cannot live."

She was filled with his excitement, but as still as the spray of almond-blossom just above her head. It was one of those strange moments of suspension when an unseen power designs the shape of lives.

Then, as though born of the silence, came her fluttering voice: "If God wills it, it is good. To lose such a chance might fill you with regrets."

"*Nina mia*, I told him that I wished to marry. He answered: 'No. Your work must be your only tie. In three years you may return . . . then see.' Will you wait so long, Giovanna?"

"Yes, Beppo. But nothing can be the same again."

"Except our love, which will last as long as the mountain lasts," he answered, with an expressive gesture towards Mount Etna, silvery, sublimely pure, drawn as though by a master hand. "I swear I will come back to you, *diletta*; wait for me, Giovanna." His voice was desperate.

"Yes, Beppo." With tears their troth was plighted.

A few weeks later Benedetto, now noticeably groomed, set out with Herr Schaussitz, their car being heaped with bouquets, while Giovanna, smiling and waving with the other girls, held back the tempest of her tears, her secret shared with no one but Don Pietro, the good priest.

Now she began to live for Beppo's letters, and like winged messengers from a world above her they filled her with trembling delight, for amidst all the distractions of his life he loved her. Then, in the autumn, Beppo's father died, the sadness emphasised by Beppo's absence. And, as time passed, Beppo's letters became more formal, the intervals between them longer. Before two years had gone Giovanna looked for them in vain.

As she went about her work barefooted, tending the goats, washing, ironing, cooking, so beautiful and strong, no one but Don Pietro knew her heart was breaking while the eyes of most men followed her.

Now, once more, the feast of St. Agathe drew near, and the father and mother of Giovanna talked together.

"There is Giacomo Belfrazzi for ever asking for her. She is ripe; shall she wither on the tree? Shall we have no grandchildren to comfort our old age?"

"Beppo. . . ."

"Well, Beppo has been gone these two years. . . ."

"And never a letter since the Assumption of Our Lady. . . ."

"Ah, his head is turned. . . ."

"There was Tino Carelli last year . . . we did not press it. . . ."

"That was Don Pietro's doing. 'Give Beppo time,' he kept on saying."

"And now Giacomo, a good man who asks little dowry, and has a half-share in *La Vergine*, the finest boat at Mazzara."

The great day having come, they all put on their best, walked down with the neighbours to Giardini, and climbed upon the train crowded with people going to the Festa, Giacomo being of the company.

The sun was scorching when they reached Catania, built on the savage lava slopes and overshadowed by Mount Etna, here so close, so menacing, that men still half-believed in angry deities.

The town was decked in pagan fashion, shouts of joy arising as the saint in her rich silver coffin slid from the cool interior of the church down the sloping wooden runway to the street. Then through the town the men of standing pulled her, to an accompaniment of firing, cheering, singing, while balloons and flags and beribboned branches flickered in the sun.

It was a carnival not of the spirit but of earth, adopted by the Church in bygone times, but not transformed, and Giacomo, comely, thickset, primitive, was ever at Giovanna's elbow, whispering: "*Carissima*, it is time that you were wed."

And presently Giovanna, idly drinking a Cinzano, turned the pages of the current "Cinema." There was a picture in it of Benedetto with the world-famous star, Magnolia Spring. Lines announced the rumour of their impending marriage. Trembling, Giovanna pushed the paper from her . . . she was nothing but a peasant girl . . . no longer a fit mate for Beppo. She turned and met the caressing eyes of Giacomo, and, rising, danced with him in wild defiance, her heart a stone.

Before the grape-harvest they were married.

Meanwhile, Beppo, beautiful, gifted and hard-working, had made a sensational success, to find himself surrounded by temptations such as he, in his simplicity, had never pictured, glamorous women throwing themselves at the new star's head. And, though faithful to Giovanna in his heart, he could not resist Magnolia Spring, whose silken eyelashes moved thousands, whose sex-appeal made hands seek hands in the darkened Gaumonts of the world. Having tired of her fourth husband, she now set her mind on Benedetto, only to meet with comparative success, for marry her he would not. And their uneasy relationship lasted but a year, the fabulous riches of an oil king proving still more attractive to her.

More than ever was Beppo thankful to be free, for the end of his contract was at hand. Then he would start for Sicily. And before many weeks had passed he found himself outside the door of Casa Vella, his excitement not untinged with apprehension. Would Giovanna understand? . . . forgive him? . . . would Tanta Vella show him mercy? He knocked uneasily. A slow step approached the door: it was opened by an old woman he had never seen.

"Signora Vella?" She crossed herself. "Surely the Signore knew . . . the good God took her in last winter's influenza. The Signorina was married to Giacomo Belfrazzi . . . they had a fine *bambino*."

Beppo shivered. Tanta Vella dead . . . Giovanna married. No, he would not wait to see Signore Vella, who was working in the fields. Leaving the car, he took the narrow track around the hill which led to Giovanna's little home, to hear at his approach the sound of voices. Quickly, he climbed into the near-by orchard, where young corn was green beneath the olives not yet hiding the warm earth; then he looked over a higher wall which gave him covert.

He saw Giovanna, so beautiful and good, a pile of linen in her arms, a baby slung across her shoulders. She was singing a little air Bandara used to sing at the hotel, gay but in a minor key. A man of perhaps thirty-five was mending fishing-nets near by.

In agony such as he had never known, Beppo fell upon the ground and wept, clutching handfuls of the earth he loved, and so he lay till night had fallen. Then he went in search of Don Pietro, who said: "My son, it is grievous for you, but it is the will of God. She loved you and she suffered."

"But we swore to wait for one another," Beppo stormed.

"Your letters ceased; there were rumours of your marriage," said the priest. "You have sinned; now make amends. Do not see her, for in her heart there is a flame, like the flame that rises in the mountain. It seems wonderful, but you know the end—fair country like Randazzo buried under lava. I know Giovanna's heart. Giacomo is good, and they love their child. She could not desert them and be happy. The Kingdom of Heaven is within; a divided mind can turn it into Hell. Some day I will tell her that you came; it is good to keep one's faith in people."

Beppo knelt to receive his blessing, not knowing how the thin hand trembled. Then, through the darkness, he set out for Naples, reaching Palmi as the dawn was breaking; but he looked in vain for Etna in the southern sky. She was hidden in a gathering storm.

Meanwhile, Giovanna and her neighbours were gathered on the beach at Mazzara, staring out to sea through the surf-lightened darkness, while the wind came screaming down from Etna. Several fishing-boats were out, caught by the unexpected storm.

Presently, through dense rain and spume, the watchers saw a boat, rocketing, bumping, overturned, driven in upon the waves. They groaned and whispered prayers as the boat advanced, withdrew, went under, in the seething waters, at last to be thrown up within reach—broken, ravaged, empty.

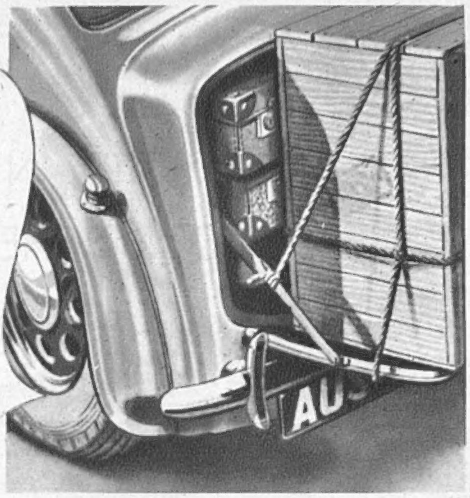
They rushed forward, each in dread, and by flickering lantern-light Don Pietro read aloud her name, *La Vergine*.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

● FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

"HEY! THIS IS MORE THAN I CAN BEAR"



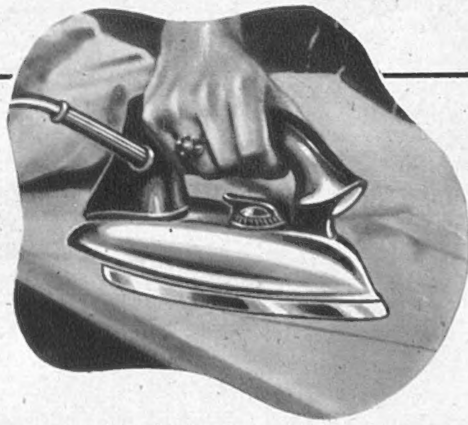
Overloading produces localised stresses in tyre walls. Ruptured fabric and broken casings soon result. Overinflation cannot make up for overloading—it only renders the rubber more liable to cuts. However keen you are to see your Austin give of its utmost in its wartime job, never exceed the load specified for your tyres. Remember, your Austin can take it—but can your tyres?

HELP YOUR AUSTIN TO HELP THE COUNTRY

The AUSTIN MAGAZINE *contains useful tips, 4d monthly*

REMEMBRANCE DAY
Please give generously

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM B.G.214



Thanks to Creda..

Those who possess Creda Appliances will find it easier to keep within the Fuel Target. Use them with care—they cannot be replaced. Ask our advice if in doubt about economical operation.

Electric **APPLIANCES** *for the home*

The **NAME TO REMEMBER** *is* **Creda**

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

WOMEN IN WARTIME

JUMPER SUITS IN MANY COLOUR SCHEMES

BECOMING FELT HATS

NOWADAYS women in general do not consider their wardrobes complete unless they contain at least one or two jumper suits. Practically all the shops make a feature of the same. They are carried out in a variety of colour schemes and materials. Those that may be seen at Harvey Nichols are admirably tailored and cut, hence they flatter the figure. The one illustrated has gone into residence there, is carried out in moss crêpe and may appropriately be worn throughout the day. No one must leave these salons without visiting the Sportswear Department as here are to be seen a splendid assortment of cold weather accessories.

LOOK your best in a felt hat which casts becoming shadows across the face. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have an interesting collection: two of the models are portrayed above. They are available in many shades and shapes, the trimming being varied.

A FACT that cannot be too widely known is that Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, is specialising in jumper suits; it is really wonderful the variations that may be wrought on this theme. The one pictured is carried out in a pretty shade of green strewn with white spots. It is well cut and has a slimming effect. These jumper suits really are coupon savers, as they may be varied from time to time. In some the Princess corsage is present and a detachable frill is introduced at the waist. It must frankly be admitted that the coat frock has found a rival in them. Naturally the contrasting coat and skirt is looked on with favour by the younger as well as the older woman.

New Shetland Tweeds
by
Jacqmar

in many lovely pastel
& traditional colourings
coat & suit weights.

16, GROSVENOR STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

Furs
for Town & Country
combining
Quality – Design
– Value

A fine collection of lovely yet practical Fur Coats of every description suitable for Town and Country for your choice — all moderately priced.

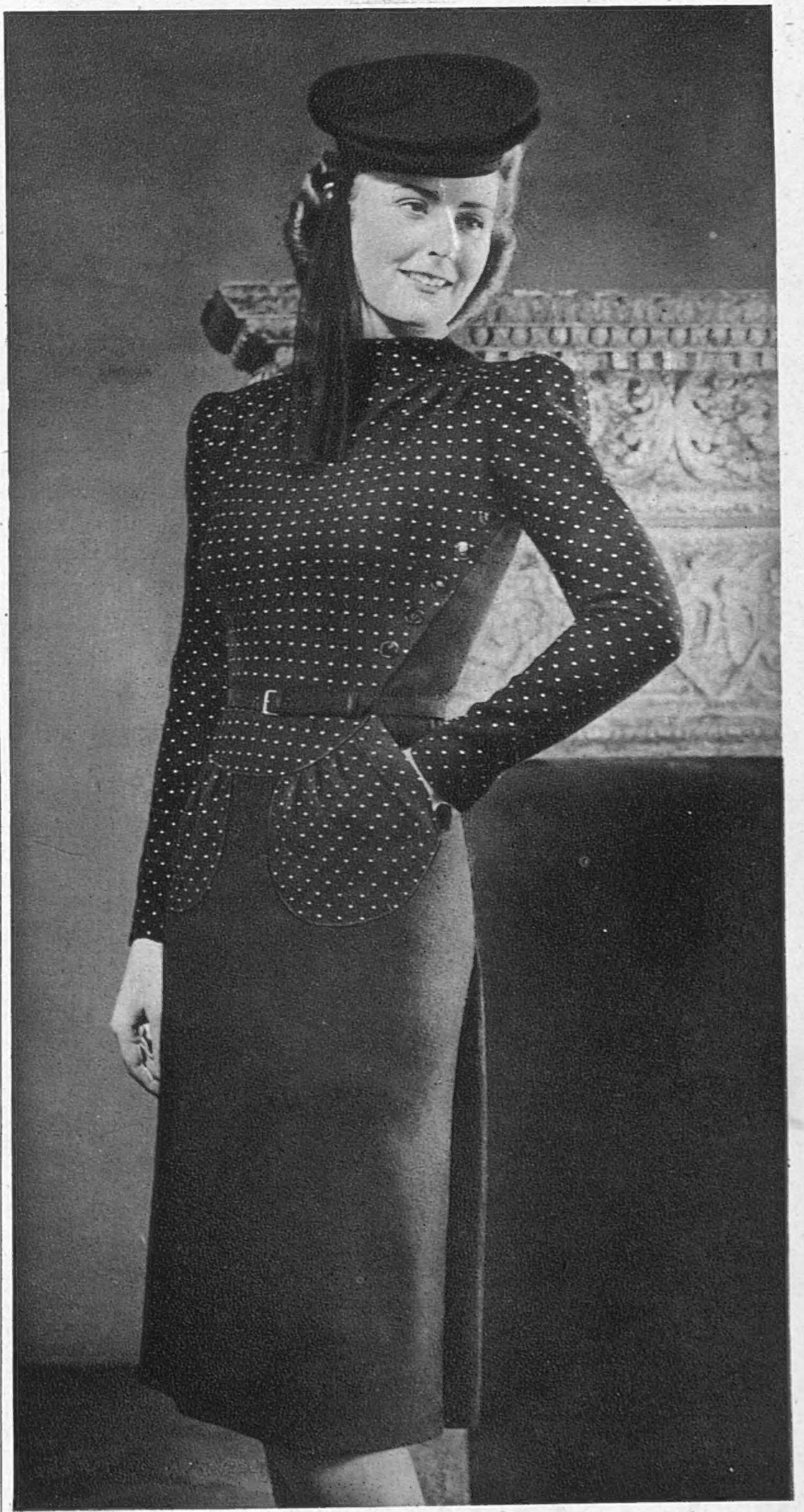
FURS ON APPROVAL
Postal enquiries receive personal attention.

FURS REMODELLED
— Renovated — Repaired — Cleaned. Estimates Free.

City Fur Store
110 NEW BOND ST.,
LONDON, W.1
NOT A SHOP–SHOWROOMS FIRST FLOOR

Smart Simplicity

Today's austerity styling demands perfection of cut and detail . . .



This clever alliance of plain and gold-spotted wool effects a smart black frock for all occasions . . . it features original pockets, and an unpressed panel at the back of skirt. Sizes for hips 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.

(11 coupons) £11 18 0

(Model Gowns)

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

WHAT IS AN ANGLEPOISE ?

You cannot buy a Terry Anglepoise Lamp *today.* But when you can this is what you will get for your money: A lamp that takes any one of 1001 angles—*and holds it.* Moves at a finger touch, throws its soft glareless light on the book or subject in hand *not in the user's eyes,* looks well in any interior, folds up in small space when out of use, uses a small power bulb.

Thousands of Terry Anglepoise lamps were in use in this country and all over the world before the war—in home, office, studio, factory, study, laboratory, boudoir and dressing room. And it will return with victory . . . so keep it in your mind's eye.

SOME OF ITS 1001 ANGLES.

The TERRY
ANGLEPOISE LAMP

Patented all countries.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH

CHANEL

Chanel, for more than a decade, has been the perfume of the *élite*—used throughout fashionable society.

Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

Any perfume offered to our clientèle as Chanel is spurious and not a Chanel production unless the bottle is labelled with our name and address thereon, in conformity with the Board of Trade regulations.

Issued by PARFUMS CHANEL LTD.,
Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

FITNESS FOR PURPOSE . . .

IN these days of restricted buying, one worth-while truth learned is that the best is cheapest in the end. It applies to guns and planes just as much as to "shoes and ships and sealing-wax." To electric fires, too!

THE Ferranti Radiant Fire has always been the cheapest to *use,* though never the cheapest to *buy.*

THE present restricted output of electric fires has proved the inherent quality of the Ferranti Fire—its "fitness for purpose"—for thousands of pre-war models are still in use, bought by those whose sense of economy made them pay a little more for quality.

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Manchester, 10.

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

FF200

DEPENDABILITY

Nelson's Column, famous London monument and landmark, was designed by William Railton and begun in the year 1840, but not completed until 1867. The column, 170½ feet high, is of granite with a capital of bronze cast from cannon from the wreck of the 'Royal George,' and is crowned by the statue of Nelson by E. H. Baily. The four colossal lions are by Landseer.

Looking up at the figure of Nelson, we call to mind his historic message to the men of the British fleet and their glorious answer. Thinking of them, well might we say as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's* Dependability for you!"

KEEP PLUGS CLEAN AND SAVE PETROL

Remember! the needs of the Services must come first

CHAMPION
PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED